

# Norwich Bulletin and Courier

113 YEARS OLD.

Subscription price, 12c a week; 50c a month; \$6.00 a year.  
Entered at the Postoffice at Norwich, Conn., as second-class matter.  
Telephone Calls:  
Bulletin Editorial Office, 410.  
Bulletin Job Office, 35-6.  
Business Office, Room 2, Murray Building.  
Telephone, 218.  
Norwich, Saturday, Dec. 4, 1909.

## The Circulation of The Bulletin.

The Bulletin has the largest circulation of any paper in Eastern Connecticut, and from three to four times larger than that of any in Norwich. It is delivered to over 3,000 of the 4,033 houses in Norwich, and read by ninety-three per cent. of the people. In Windham it is delivered to over 200 houses, in Putnam and Danielson to over 1,100, and in all of these places it is considered the local daily.  
Eastern Connecticut has forty-nine towns, one hundred and sixty-five post office districts and forty-one rural free delivery routes.  
The Bulletin is sold in every town and on all of the R. F. D. routes in Eastern Connecticut.

### CIRCULATION

1901, average.....	4,412
1905, average.....	5,920
1906, average.....	6,559
1907, average.....	7,179
1908, average.....	7,543
November 27.....	7,716

### THE SIXTY-FIRST CONGRESS.

The first session of the Sixty-first congress will convene at Washington next Monday and Speaker Cannon will have the insurgents on his hands and the country will be deeply interested in the outcome of the situation. What he will do with Parsons and Fowler, who have recently attacked the speaker personally, remains to be seen.

It is now claimed at the west that morals before economics will be the word in Washington this winter; and it is pointed out that among the matters which may be inquired into are the following:

Charges by Parsons of collusion between New York republicans and democrats in election of Speaker Cannon.  
Conservation imbroglio between Ballinger and Pinchot.

Operations of Sugar trust in violation of law.  
Customs frauds and responsibility therefor.

Mergers of telegraph and telephone corporations.  
Operation of law imposing tax on oleomargarine and charges of wholesale evasion of tax.

Charges of laxity in enforcement of federal civil service law.  
Expenditures of executive branch of government with a view to retrenchment.

Charges against Judges McPherson and Phillips in connection with Mississippi freight rate litigation.  
And this is not all, for important railroad legislation and the reform of army and navy methods are among the things which promise to occupy the congressional mind. It may be possible that the tariff will become a hot issue.

Congress is not reassembling as a happy family, and the contentions upon all subjects are likely to be marked by more or less excitement.

**IN MEMORY OF JOHN BROWN.**  
On December 20, 1910, the 50th anniversary of the execution of John Brown will be memorialized in many northern cities, as a recognition of a brave and misguided man.

John Brown, by his defiance of what he considered unjust laws, stirred up the fifteen slave states as they were never stirred before, when he went with a few followers to Harpers Ferry, Va., and seized the arsenal, expecting the slaves to rise and start a revolution in the name of liberty which would have no parallel in modern times. His forces failed him, but his spirit never yielded. He made no attempt to escape and in the name of God defied the government and the men who upheld the enslavement of human beings. Today John Brown's courage is less commendable and his cause more magnificent than ever in the eyes of liberty-loving people. He was a part of the impending conflict and seemed to realize it, for he said, while awaiting execution: "I believe that the sealing of my testimony before God and men with my blood will be more to further the cause to which I have earnestly devoted myself than anything else I have done in my life."

I am convinced that I am worth infinitely more on the gallows than I could be anywhere else." And what inspiration to the soldiers of the civil war was the hymn sung in all union camps, "John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the ground, but his soul goes marching on!"

Why should not the noble honor a man who died that his fellowmen might enjoy greater freedom? His intense spirit and incomparable valor have put all his breaches of the law out of consideration.

The secretary of the navy is hoping to get rid of the spasmodic increase of labor and sudden shrinkage in the navy yards of the country preceding and following political campaigns.

If Speaker Cannon has seen his way to guard the people's interests more and special interests less, he would now be receiving praise instead of condemnation.

It is now stated at Chicago that the late Mr. Harriman left \$149,000,000. His fellowmen helped make it, but they were not included in the distribution.

Talk is getting cheaper all the time, for the telephone companies realize the necessity for meeting the people halfway.

The person who is frightened into doing things has never yet made a record for doing a first-class job.

## WHERE HANDS ARE LIBERAL.

So long as men of recognized intelligence will contribute grudgingly 25 cents for church work and give ungrudgingly \$25 to promote a prize fight, they cannot object to the title of "civilized heathen" which has clung to us since the late W. H. Murray gave voice to this arraignment.  
No enterprise of the church, however important or humane, calls forth with such a half-million of money, but we are told by the news despatches that judging from the bids offered for the Jeffries-Johnson fight the pugilists may battle for a purse and picture privileges netting more than \$500,000, for a brutal display of science for a few minutes—a performance which never yet added any good to the life of one of its patrons.

An exhibit of America's advance in morals or taste, this is not so superior to the Mexican bull fighting or the Cuban or Porto Rican cock fighting, which we prohibit as a discredit to any people who profess to be Christian or even humane.

We are not what we profess to be, but what we put out our money generously to promote.

## A MEASURE OF THE MAN.

We have a judicial opinion which seems to show that the measure of a man depends upon what he may do with his pay envelope when it comes into his hands. It is supposed that every man has the first right with the pay envelope; but labor unions, in the interest of protection, have claimed the right to open envelopes to see whether the union scale was being honored, where a collusion between employer and employee was suspected; and in a New York court recently a wife asked for an order issued in a maintenance case compelling the husband to pass his pay envelope to her unopened. The judge said that to require a husband to turn over his weekly pay envelope unopened to his wife would amount to tyranny of the sort most dangerous to the perpetuation of the home as a sacred institution; but, added the judge, "the husband who voluntarily turns his pay envelope over to his wife, if she is frugal and assiduous, is the best citizen in New York."

The Bulletin is inclined to think that Magistrate Breen meant to say "the best husband," for the best citizenship comes from the best thing of this kind. The wife who deserves such confidence and trust has a sorry time with a husband who does not know the value of such a helpmate, or the honor to use his partner right.

## WOULD IMPROVE MAN.

The surgeons have found out that man is a work of art. As viewed by a master surgeon, with his natural abnormalities and physical handicaps, man is a victim to poor structure and does not live out more than half his days at best. One New England surgeon says that about six feet of a man's intestines are useless, and that his life would be greatly prolonged by their removal; another is of the opinion that if the toes of men and women were straightened they would have a more graceful gait; and a third says that the large jaws and teeth would produce stronger and handsomer facial lines. A western editor, reading of these possibilities of improvement through surgery, says:

"There are moments of anguish when everyone would like to have all his 'innards' taken away. The knock of the down-cut specialist at the front door would be accepted then as a visitation of Providence. But people when unaffected by indignation hold their alimentary system in too great prize to permit of any tinkering whatsoever. The mere thought of the theory brings shivers. The graceful gait is excellent, but as it is only our neighbors who walk ungraciously where is the operational for operation?"

As for enlarging the jaws, that is open to serious debate. Not everyone chews gum or eats hardback or aspires for political office. In fact a proposal to restrict the facial cavity might gain more advocates than its despoiling.

The master surgeons have discovered that the tonsils, vermiform appendix and colon should be cut out and thrown away; and that the stomach could be spared as well as not. It is claimed that the surgically improved man might live for a century and a half.

**EDITORIAL NOTES.**  
It is fortunate for Great Britain that she is able to do business on her credit for a while, anyway.

Now we are told that name and early shipping is just as essential as a sane and safe Fourth of July.

Satan does not object to being pointed out as father-in-law to all the trusts in existence. He approves their cute ways.

Happy thought for today: The young man who uses perfumed stationery is open to suspicion that he is a molluscoid.

Mrs. Franklind does not believe in women forming helping hand societies as they look best right on the front line of endeavor.

In the coming six weeks the political battle in England will exceed the most exciting people's contest in the world of late years.

By contrast, modern progress: Railroad Commissioner Doolittle is a man who has a well-established reputation for doing much.

Butler is getting so high that oleomargarine has no reason to fret about its future. It appears to be sure of getting into good society.

It was the Boston Transcript discovered that the young women who are called belles are waiting for some young man to ring them.

Those who are advising that Cannon be asked to resign as speaker of the house say that it better be done by long-distance telephone.

The people grow, but they grow slowly, say some philosophers. Yes, we have noticed that they have their seasons of frost and thirft.

The British house of lords has not yet reached the point where it does not expect the people to excuse it for booting the house of commons.

When it comes to uniform divorce laws, says the Chicago News, we should like to see the one that divorces municipal business from politics.

Most every young minister and old bachelor is looking over the collection of fancy slippers and wondering how many will be added to them at Christmas.

## THE MAN WHO TALKS

November and December are the hilarity months of the year for the race with their festivals and their feasts; but time changes them so that to youth and age they have a different front. To youth they are filled with excitement and they are full of memories—pleasant memories, which, like the beautiful flowers which have faded, have left a durable impression. To the aged they are full of memories—pleasant memories, which, like the beautiful flowers which have faded, have left a durable impression.

I received a letter not long since which referred to a man who had finished his earthly career, and in which the information was conveyed that "he was not a religious man." I do not know that I ever read a more disturbing sentence than that. The writer, of course, thought he was being humorous, but he knew about it? It came over me that some men we call profane might be more religious than some who think it good policy to perfunctorily keep up a religious appearance. Religion is not a pose and a parade, but a matter of feeling and doing, and there is good fellowship in the real thing, not an icy interest in one's fellowman. Doing kindnesses because one thinks he must be saved, not because he loves to, is the cheapest kind of goodness on earth and the summer of Europe has been just crazy to show her the things I got—but I didn't. She'll be green with envy, for they are so different from what she can get here. She'll be green with envy, for they are so different from what she can get here. She'll be green with envy, for they are so different from what she can get here.

The other day we received from "J. C. E." a souvenir postal card of the mouth of the Shetucket river where it enters the Thames, directing our attention to the head of "the old guard" formed by the ledge and the abutment of the old bridge on the right bank of the river, on which the western end of the covered railroad bridge used to rest—a better face than "the old man of the mountains" or "the face of the devil" in the moon. Never having heard of it before it is a real discovery to "J. C. E." but my attention has been called to it before. Yet it had not out of mind. It is more prominent upon this field of Hughes Co. card than I ever before saw it. And by turning the photo up to the light and the woods on the west bank of the Thames form a champagne bottle—not that Norwich takes to the bottle more than the rest of the town, but because when this was made a champagne country its beauty was enhanced by these receding wooded hills on which the birds of beauty and the wild birds and animals—home.

The truest representative Satan ever had on earth is Old John Barleycorn. He lures all who make his acquaintance from happiness to misery. The man who smokes with him will weep with sorrow later on. John Barleycorn has lured many men in a prison and a few on the gallows. He is safe to ruin, and he never advises any one to stop at the half-way house. He makes half the world weep and a great part of it mourn. He puts vice where virtue is and laughs when innocent and helpless children come to want. His magic consists of changing men to aots and women to hags; he delights to put misery in the place of happiness, and his only ambition is to make the world sadder. No good can be said of him. The devil himself would be a failure if he kept Old John's company too long.

The rear platform crowd upon a trolley car are a recognized nuisance to the women who have to board the car and to the conductor who has to collect the fares, and not a few find a convenient method of sliding off before the conductor gets to them and to evade the fare. Having rode there more than I can really find any desire to be a rear platformer, and I call attention to what the conscientious trolley conductor regards as a nuisance. It is not pleasant for a lady to have to tread through a lot of rear-platformers to get into the car or to get out. There are times when a condition cannot be helped, of course, for car side crowded with strap hangers is no more agreeable to ladies than crowded platforms. This would be avoided by the company if they knew when crowds are going to be out, but there is really no way to anticipate such times, and there are times when all the cars are in service and it cannot be avoided, hence is not an offence.

We have always regarded a mother-in-law as a necessity and have never sympathized with those who joke about her. She is only what she is, a conundrum. She would be more popular with sons-in-law if she did not soon acquaint them with the fact that they do not know all, and would rather teach her daughter how to manage a husband, or the husband how to make his mate cherish and obey him. It takes two mothers-in-law to form the right and left wings of a family, and the family cannot be complete without them. They are the pair who beat a hell-bent—true trumps. A mother-in-law never wrote a book on "How to be Happy." Those who take a splinter to direct along such lines. They have the recipes for making chowchow and for finding peace or paragoning. The little baby is cutting its teeth. They're a help! The hour of perplexity and sometimes perplexity itself.

What do you suppose the reason is that people do not do as we think they should do? If the only would, how much happier life would be—for us. We do not know that it would be any happier for them. We only think that it might be, and we are as liable to be wrong as right in this conclusion. If half the world should be given their way it would be a hell-bent—true trumps. A mother-in-law never wrote a book on "How to be Happy." Those who take a splinter to direct along such lines. They have the recipes for making chowchow and for finding peace or paragoning. The little baby is cutting its teeth. They're a help! The hour of perplexity and sometimes perplexity itself.

What do you suppose the reason is that people do not do as we think they should do? If the only would, how much happier life would be—for us. We do not know that it would be any happier for them. We only think that it might be, and we are as liable to be wrong as right in this conclusion. If half the world should be given their way it would be a hell-bent—true trumps. A mother-in-law never wrote a book on "How to be Happy." Those who take a splinter to direct along such lines. They have the recipes for making chowchow and for finding peace or paragoning. The little baby is cutting its teeth. They're a help! The hour of perplexity and sometimes perplexity itself.

What do you suppose the reason is that people do not do as we think they should do? If the only would, how much happier life would be—for us. We do not know that it would be any happier for them. We only think that it might be, and we are as liable to be wrong as right in this conclusion. If half the world should be given their way it would be a hell-bent—true trumps. A mother-in-law never wrote a book on "How to be Happy." Those who take a splinter to direct along such lines. They have the recipes for making chowchow and for finding peace or paragoning. The little baby is cutting its teeth. They're a help! The hour of perplexity and sometimes perplexity itself.

What do you suppose the reason is that people do not do as we think they should do? If the only would, how much happier life would be—for us. We do not know that it would be any happier for them. We only think that it might be, and we are as liable to be wrong as right in this conclusion. If half the world should be given their way it would be a hell-bent—true trumps. A mother-in-law never wrote a book on "How to be Happy." Those who take a splinter to direct along such lines. They have the recipes for making chowchow and for finding peace or paragoning. The little baby is cutting its teeth. They're a help! The hour of perplexity and sometimes perplexity itself.

What do you suppose the reason is that people do not do as we think they should do? If the only would, how much happier life would be—for us. We do not know that it would be any happier for them. We only think that it might be, and we are as liable to be wrong as right in this conclusion. If half the world should be given their way it would be a hell-bent—true trumps. A mother-in-law never wrote a book on "How to be Happy." Those who take a splinter to direct along such lines. They have the recipes for making chowchow and for finding peace or paragoning. The little baby is cutting its teeth. They're a help! The hour of perplexity and sometimes perplexity itself.

What do you suppose the reason is that people do not do as we think they should do? If the only would, how much happier life would be—for us. We do not know that it would be any happier for them. We only think that it might be, and we are as liable to be wrong as right in this conclusion. If half the world should be given their way it would be a hell-bent—true trumps. A mother-in-law never wrote a book on "How to be Happy." Those who take a splinter to direct along such lines. They have the recipes for making chowchow and for finding peace or paragoning. The little baby is cutting its teeth. They're a help! The hour of perplexity and sometimes perplexity itself.

What do you suppose the reason is that people do not do as we think they should do? If the only would, how much happier life would be—for us. We do not know that it would be any happier for them. We only think that it might be, and we are as liable to be wrong as right in this conclusion. If half the world should be given their way it would be a hell-bent—true trumps. A mother-in-law never wrote a book on "How to be Happy." Those who take a splinter to direct along such lines. They have the recipes for making chowchow and for finding peace or paragoning. The little baby is cutting its teeth. They're a help! The hour of perplexity and sometimes perplexity itself.

What do you suppose the reason is that people do not do as we think they should do? If the only would, how much happier life would be—for us. We do not know that it would be any happier for them. We only think that it might be, and we are as liable to be wrong as right in this conclusion. If half the world should be given their way it would be a hell-bent—true trumps. A mother-in-law never wrote a book on "How to be Happy." Those who take a splinter to direct along such lines. They have the recipes for making chowchow and for finding peace or paragoning. The little baby is cutting its teeth. They're a help! The hour of perplexity and sometimes perplexity itself.

What do you suppose the reason is that people do not do as we think they should do? If the only would, how much happier life would be—for us. We do not know that it would be any happier for them. We only think that it might be, and we are as liable to be wrong as right in this conclusion. If half the world should be given their way it would be a hell-bent—true trumps. A mother-in-law never wrote a book on "How to be Happy." Those who take a splinter to direct along such lines. They have the recipes for making chowchow and for finding peace or paragoning. The little baby is cutting its teeth. They're a help! The hour of perplexity and sometimes perplexity itself.

What do you suppose the reason is that people do not do as we think they should do? If the only would, how much happier life would be—for us. We do not know that it would be any happier for them. We only think that it might be, and we are as liable to be wrong as right in this conclusion. If half the world should be given their way it would be a hell-bent—true trumps. A mother-in-law never wrote a book on "How to be Happy." Those who take a splinter to direct along such lines. They have the recipes for making chowchow and for finding peace or paragoning. The little baby is cutting its teeth. They're a help! The hour of perplexity and sometimes perplexity itself.

What do you suppose the reason is that people do not do as we think they should do? If the only would, how much happier life would be—for us. We do not know that it would be any happier for them. We only think that it might be, and we are as liable to be wrong as right in this conclusion. If half the world should be given their way it would be a hell-bent—true trumps. A mother-in-law never wrote a book on "How to be Happy." Those who take a splinter to direct along such lines. They have the recipes for making chowchow and for finding peace or paragoning. The little baby is cutting its teeth. They're a help! The hour of perplexity and sometimes perplexity itself.

What do you suppose the reason is that people do not do as we think they should do? If the only would, how much happier life would be—for us. We do not know that it would be any happier for them. We only think that it might be, and we are as liable to be wrong as right in this conclusion. If half the world should be given their way it would be a hell-bent—true trumps. A mother-in-law never wrote a book on "How to be Happy." Those who take a splinter to direct along such lines. They have the recipes for making chowchow and for finding peace or paragoning. The little baby is cutting its teeth. They're a help! The hour of perplexity and sometimes perplexity itself.

What do you suppose the reason is that people do not do as we think they should do? If the only would, how much happier life would be—for us. We do not know that it would be any happier for them. We only think that it might be, and we are as liable to be wrong as right in this conclusion. If half the world should be given their way it would be a hell-bent—true trumps. A mother-in-law never wrote a book on "How to be Happy." Those who take a splinter to direct along such lines. They have the recipes for making chowchow and for finding peace or paragoning. The little baby is cutting its teeth. They're a help! The hour of perplexity and sometimes perplexity itself.

What do you suppose the reason is that people do not do as we think they should do? If the only would, how much happier life would be—for us. We do not know that it would be any happier for them. We only think that it might be, and we are as liable to be wrong as right in this conclusion. If half the world should be given their way it would be a hell-bent—true trumps. A mother-in-law never wrote a book on "How to be Happy." Those who take a splinter to direct along such lines. They have the recipes for making chowchow and for finding peace or paragoning. The little baby is cutting its teeth. They're a help! The hour of perplexity and sometimes perplexity itself.

What do you suppose the reason is that people do not do as we think they should do? If the only would, how much happier life would be—for us. We do not know that it would be any happier for them. We only think that it might be, and we are as liable to be wrong as right in this conclusion. If half the world should be given their way it would be a hell-bent—true trumps. A mother-in-law never wrote a book on "How to be Happy." Those who take a splinter to direct along such lines. They have the recipes for making chowchow and for finding peace or paragoning. The little baby is cutting its teeth. They're a help! The hour of perplexity and sometimes perplexity itself.

What do you suppose the reason is that people do not do as we think they should do? If the only would, how much happier life would be—for us. We do not know that it would be any happier for them. We only think that it might be, and we are as liable to be wrong as right in this conclusion. If half the world should be given their way it would be a hell-bent—true trumps. A mother-in-law never wrote a book on "How to be Happy." Those who take a splinter to direct along such lines. They have the recipes for making chowchow and for finding peace or paragoning. The little baby is cutting its teeth. They're a help! The hour of perplexity and sometimes perplexity itself.

What do you suppose the reason is that people do not do as we think they should do? If the only would, how much happier life would be—for us. We do not know that it would be any happier for them. We only think that it might be, and we are as liable to be wrong as right in this conclusion. If half the world should be given their way it would be a hell-bent—true trumps. A mother-in-law never wrote a book on "How to be Happy." Those who take a splinter to direct along such lines. They have the recipes for making chowchow and for finding peace or paragoning. The little baby is cutting its teeth. They're a help! The hour of perplexity and sometimes perplexity itself.

What do you suppose the reason is that people do not do as we think they should do? If the only would, how much happier life would be—for us. We do not know that it would be any happier for them. We only think that it might be, and we are as liable to be wrong as right in this conclusion. If half the world should be given their way it would be a hell-bent—true trumps. A mother-in-law never wrote a book on "How to be Happy." Those who take a splinter to direct along such lines. They have the recipes for making chowchow and for finding peace or paragoning. The little baby is cutting its teeth. They're a help! The hour of perplexity and sometimes perplexity itself.

What do you suppose the reason is that people do not do as we think they should do? If the only would, how much happier life would be—for us. We do not know that it would be any happier for them. We only think that it might be, and we are as liable to be wrong as right in this conclusion. If half the world should be given their way it would be a hell-bent—true trumps. A mother-in-law never wrote a book on "How to be Happy." Those who take a splinter to direct along such lines. They have the recipes for making chowchow and for finding peace or paragoning. The little baby is cutting its teeth. They're a help! The hour of perplexity and sometimes perplexity itself.

What do you suppose the reason is that people do not do as we think they should do? If the only would, how much happier life would be—for us. We do not know that it would be any happier for them. We only think that it might be, and we are as liable to be wrong as right in this conclusion. If half the world should be given their way it would be a hell-bent—true trumps. A mother-in-law never wrote a book on "How to be Happy." Those who take a splinter to direct along such lines. They have the recipes for making chowchow and for finding peace or paragoning. The little baby is cutting its teeth. They're a help! The hour of perplexity and sometimes perplexity itself.

What do you suppose the reason is that people do not do as we think they should do? If the only would, how much happier life would be—for us. We do not know that it would be any happier for them. We only think that it might be, and we are as liable to be wrong as right in this conclusion. If half the world should be given their way it would be a hell-bent—true trumps. A mother-in-law never wrote a book on "How to be Happy." Those who take a splinter to direct along such lines. They have the recipes for making chowchow and for finding peace or paragoning. The little baby is cutting its teeth. They're a help! The hour of perplexity and sometimes perplexity itself.

What do you suppose the reason is that people do not do as we think they should do? If the only would, how much happier life would be—for us. We do not know that it would be any happier for them. We only think that it might be, and we are as liable to be wrong as right in this conclusion. If half the world should be given their way it would be a hell-bent—true trumps. A mother-in-law never wrote a book on "How to be Happy." Those who take a splinter to direct along such lines. They have the recipes for making chowchow and for finding peace or paragoning. The little baby is cutting its teeth. They're a help! The hour of perplexity and sometimes perplexity itself.

What do you suppose the reason is that people do not do as we think they should do? If the only would, how much happier life would be—for us. We do not know that it would be any happier for them. We only think that it might be, and we are as liable to be wrong as right in this conclusion. If half the world should be given their way it would be a hell-bent—true trumps. A mother-in-law never wrote a book on "How to be Happy." Those who take a splinter to direct along such lines. They have the recipes for making chowchow and for finding peace or paragoning. The little baby is cutting its teeth. They're a help! The hour of perplexity and sometimes perplexity itself.

What do you suppose the reason is that people do not do as we think they should do? If the only would, how much happier life would be—for us. We do not know that it would be any happier for them. We only think that it might be, and we are as liable to be wrong as right in this conclusion. If half the world should be given their way it would be a hell-bent—true trumps. A mother-in-law never wrote a book on "How to be Happy." Those who take a splinter to direct along such lines. They have the recipes for making chowchow and for finding peace or paragoning. The little baby is cutting its teeth. They're a help! The hour of perplexity and sometimes perplexity itself.

What do you suppose the reason is that people do not do as we think they should do? If the only would, how much happier life would be—for us. We do not know that it would be any happier for them. We only think that it might be, and we are as liable to be wrong as right in this conclusion. If half the world should be given their way it would be a hell-bent—true trumps. A mother-in-law never wrote a book on "How to be Happy." Those who take a splinter to direct along such lines. They have the recipes for making chowchow and for finding peace or paragoning. The little baby is cutting its teeth. They're a help! The hour of perplexity and sometimes perplexity itself.

What do you suppose the reason is that people do not do as we think they should do? If the only would, how much happier life would be—for us. We do not know that it would be any happier for them. We only think that it might be, and we are as liable to be wrong as right in this conclusion. If half the world should be given their way it would be a hell-bent—true trumps. A mother-in-law never wrote a book on "How to be Happy." Those who take a splinter to direct along such lines. They have the recipes for making chowchow and for finding peace or paragoning. The little baby is cutting its teeth. They're a help! The hour of perplexity and sometimes perplexity itself.

What do you suppose the reason is that people do not do as we think they should do? If the only would, how much happier life would be—for us. We do not know that it would be any happier for them. We only think that it might be, and we are as liable to be wrong as right in this conclusion. If half the world should be given their way it would be a hell-bent—true trumps. A mother-in-law never wrote a book on "How to be Happy." Those who take a splinter to direct along such lines. They have the recipes for making chowchow and for finding peace or paragoning. The little baby is cutting its teeth. They're a help! The hour of perplexity and sometimes perplexity itself.

What do you suppose the reason is that people do not do as we think they should do? If the only would, how much happier life would be—for us. We do not know that it would be any happier for them. We only think that it might be, and we are as liable to be wrong as right in this conclusion. If half the world should be given their way it would be a hell-bent—true trumps. A mother-in-law never wrote a book on "How to be Happy." Those who take a splinter to direct along such lines. They have the recipes for making chowchow and for finding peace or paragoning. The little baby is cutting its teeth. They're a help! The hour of perplexity and sometimes perplexity itself.

What do you suppose the reason is that people do not do as we think they should do? If the only would, how much happier life would be—for us. We do not know that it would be any happier for them. We only think that it might be, and we are as liable to be wrong as right in this conclusion. If half the world should be given their way it would be a hell-bent—true trumps. A mother-in-law never wrote a book on "How to be Happy." Those who take a splinter to direct along such lines. They have the recipes for making chowchow and for finding peace or paragoning. The little baby is cutting its teeth. They're a help! The hour of perplexity and sometimes perplexity itself.

What do you suppose the reason is that people do not do as we think they should do? If the only would, how much happier life would be—for us. We do not know that it would be any happier for them. We only think that it might be, and we are as liable to be wrong as right in this conclusion. If half the world should be given their way it would be a hell-bent—true trumps. A mother-in-law never wrote a book on "How to be Happy." Those who take a splinter to direct along such lines. They have the recipes for making chowchow and for finding peace or paragoning. The little baby is cutting its teeth. They're a help! The hour of perplexity and sometimes perplexity itself.

What do you suppose the reason is that people do not do as we think they should do? If the only would, how much happier life would be—for us. We do not know that it would be any happier for them. We only think that it might be, and we are as liable to be wrong as right in this conclusion. If half the world should be given their way it would be a hell-bent—true trumps. A mother-in-law never wrote a book on "How to be Happy." Those who take a splinter to direct along such lines. They have the recipes for making chowchow and for finding peace or paragoning. The little baby is cutting its teeth. They're a help! The hour of perplexity and sometimes perplexity itself.

## THE BULLETIN'S DAILY STORY IMPRESSING MRS. SIMPSON

"I'm glad I got ahead of Mrs. Simpson for once," remarked Mrs. Benson at her breakfast table. "She was downtown all day yesterday doing her Christmas shopping. She looked ten years older when she came home. Last year she said—"

"George, you are not paying the slightest attention to what I say. But this year she said—"

"Go on, my dear. I just want to look at the headlines while you talk."

"What's the matter?" asked Benson as he came in to dinner. "You look as if you'd been crying. There, there, don't start it again—it's all right, my dear. I'm going to show her mine that the dinner is the finest I ever—"

"It isn't you or the d-d-dinner," Benson put the paper aside. He recognized the danger signal—moisture in his wife's eyes.

"Now tell me about it," he said. "Talk fast, so I won't miss my train."

"I just can't bear people who always do the right thing and make out that everybody else is wrong, can you?" began his wife.

"Meaning Mrs. Simpson? Go on."